

The
British Enchanters;

O R,

No Magick like Love.

A

DRAMATICK POE.



L O N D O N:

Printed for J. Tonson: And Sold by W. Dyer,
at *Rox's Head*, over-against *Clement's Inn*.

M D C C X X I I.



~76... 2513

Advertisement to the Reader.

UPON the Separation of the Houses, when Musical Performances were confin'd to one Theatre, and Dramatick to the other, it became necessary to lengthen the Representation of the ensuing Poem with several Alterations and Additions, and some intire new Scenes, to fill up the Spaces occasion'd by the Necessity of leaving out the Mixture of Musical Entertainment. Which Additions are herewith Printed, having never been Publish'd before.



A 2

PRO-

Writings of the Rabbis

Upon the Sabbath of the
Homes were made for the
house were coming to the
day. Dismal to the people who
came according to the law. He
then said to them. A Sabbath
is a day of rest. It is not
some little law. Rather it is
a season of rest. It is a season of
giving. It is a season of
humiliation. What a glorious
sabbath! But the people
said. Philip's before.

PROLOGUE.

POETS, by Observation, find it true,

"Tis harder much to please themselves, than *Thou*:

To Writ a Plot, to Work, or to Refine

A labour'd Song, to Polish every Line,

Judgment must fust, and feel a Master's Pain:

Vain Heels! thus to distract and rack their Brains:

When, more indulgent to the Writer's Ease,

Thou art too good to be so hard to please:

No such couns'live Pangs it will require,

To write the pretty Things that *you* advise.

Our Author then, to please you in your Way,
Presents you now a Baulk of a Play,

To jingling Rhime, well fortify'd and strong,

He fights increas'd, o'er Head and Ears, in Song.

If here and there some evill-fated Line

Should chance, thro' Inadvertency, to stink;

Forgive him, Beaux, he means you no Offense;

But begs you, for the Love of Song and Damer,

To pardon all the Poetry and Sense.



Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

Colus, King of Britain, Father to *Oriana*. Mr. Betterton.

Constantius, Emperor of Rome, in love with *Oriana*. Mr. Bush.

Amadis, a famous Knight-Adventurer, in love with *Oriana*, and beloved by her. Mr. Verbrugghen.

Floristan, Companion to *Amadis*, in love with *Corisande*. Mr. Husband.

Lucius, a Roman. Mr. Davenant.

Arcalans, an Enchanter, Enemy to *Amadis*. Mr. Davenant.

W O M E N.

Arabon, an Enchantress, Sister to *Arcalans*. Mrs. Barry.

Oriana. Mrs. Bracegirdle.

Corisande. Mrs. Porter.

Urganda, a good Enchantress. Mrs. Davenant.

Dalia, her Attendant. Mrs. Baker.

Officers and Guards attending *Colus*; Romans attending *Constantius*; Ladies attending *Oriana*; Attendants to the several Enchanters; Knights and Ladies Captives; Singers and Dancers.

The SCENE in *BRITAIN*.

THE



THE
British Enchanters.

A C T I S C E N E I.

*The Curtain rises to a Flourish of all sorts of loud Musick.
The Scene is a Grove beautify'd with Fountains, Statues &c.
Urganda is discover'd as in the midst of some Ceremony of
Enchantment. Thunder during the Musick.*

Urganda, Delia, and Attendants.

URGANDA.

OUND, sound, ye Winds, the rended
Clouds divide,
Fright back the Priest, and Lyes trembling
Brides,
Affit an injur'd Lover's faithful Love:

An injur'd Lover's Cause is worthy You.

Del. Successful is our Charm: The Temple shakes,
The Altar nods, th' astonish'd Priest forsakes
The hallow'd Shrine, starts from the Bridegroom's Side,
Breaks off the Rites, and leaves the Knot unty'd.

—O H 3

▲ 4

—[T]



[Thunder again and Musick. Urganda walks down the scene, moving her enchanted Rod among the following incantation.

In sweet Musick of the Sky

Hither, hither, fly, fly,

And with enchanting Notes all Magick else supply.

Sound the Trumpet, touch the Lute,

Strike the Lyre, and tune the Flute;

In Harmony,

Celestial Harmony,

All Magick Charms are found,

Sound the Trumpet, sound,

A Single Voice.

Jason thus to Orpheus said,

Take thy Harp and melt the Maid,

Vows are vain, with Musick charm her,

Play, my Friend, and charm the Charmer,

Hark! hark! 'tis Orpheus plays,

The Cedars dance, the Grove obeys.

Hark! hark! again!

Medea walks like Proserpine, and sing,

Lifting her arms: How soft, how sweet the sound,

How faint! 'tis her faint and daring Nymphs,

Till on the warbling Note she dines,

Abhors faint, and loves distinct.

O! 'tis a Pleasure

Beyond Measure,

Take the Trumpet,

Grecian, 'tis thine.

CHO-

Sound the Trumpet, touch the Lute, let Trumpet and Lute sound
Strike the Lyre, and tune the Flute;

In Harmony,

Celestial Harmony,

All Magick Charms are found,

Sound the Trumpet, found.

First Dance of Statues,

A Single Voice.

When with adoring Looks we gaze
On bright Orissa's beauteous Face,
In every Glance, and every Grace,
What is that we see,

But Harmony,

Celestial Harmony!

Our ravish'd Hearts leap up to meet
The Musick of her Eyes, and dance around her Feet.

Urg. This Care for Animals, ye Gods, appropriate ye!
For what's a Soldier's Recompence but Love? When he's
When forc'd from Britain, call'd to defend Wh'ld burr'd
His vanquish'd Heart remain'd a Captive here;
Orissa's Eyes that glorious Conquest made, paid the way
Nor was his Love ungratefully repaid.

Dd. By Heaven, like hostile Yaws crost,
And like Aewas driv'n from Caith to Cawd,
The wand'ring Home you'd return too late,
Chang'd by Orissa with the Crimes of Forn.

Conjur'd angelic song A God shall listen and weep.

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Who, anxious of Neglect, suspecting Change,
Consults her Pride, and mediates Revenge.

Urg. Just in the Moment, when Resentment flares,
A charming Rival tempts, a rugged King requires;
Love yields at last, thus combated by Pride,
And she submits to be the *Romeo's* Bride.

Del. Did not your Art with timely Aids, provide,
Oriana were his Wife, and not his Bride.

Urg. In ancient times, ere Chivalry was known,
The Infant World with Monsters over-grown,
Centaurs and Giants, nurst with human Blood,
And dire Magicians, an infernal Brood,
Vex'd Men and Gods: but most the Fair complain,
Of violated Loves, and Lovers slain.
To shelter Innocence, and injur'd Right,
The Nations all elect some Patron-Knight,
Sworn to be true to Love, and Slaves to Fame,
And many a valiant Chief enrolls his Name,
By shining Marks distinguish'd they appear,
And various Orders various Ensigns bear,
Bound by strict Oaths, to serve the brightest Eyes,
Not more they strive for Glory than the Prince,
While, to invite the Toil, the fairest Dame
Of Britain, is the boldest Champion's Claim.

Del. Of all who in this Race of Fame delight,
Brave *Amadis* is own'd the hardy'st Knight,
Nor *Thesau*, nor *Almîs*, ventur'd more,
Nor he so fam'd, who, buri'd in *Munster's* Gere,
Upon his crested Helm the trampled Dragon bore.

The British Enchanters.

xi.

Urg. O mighty *Amedis*! what Thanks are due
To thy victorious Sword, that *Arden* flew from *Arden*,
Arden, that black Enchanter, whose dire Arts
Enslav'd our Knights, and broke our Virgins' Hearts;
Met Spear to Spear, thy great deliv'ring Hand
Slew the Destroyer, and redeem'd the Land;
Far from thy Breast all Care and Grief remove,
Orland's thine, by Conquest as by Love.

Del. The haughty *Arcales*, of *Arden's* Blood,
And *Arcales*, Foes alike to Good,
Gluttons in Murder, wanton to destroy,
Their fatal Arts as impiously employ:
Heirs to their Brother's Hatred, and sworn Foes
To *Amedis*, their Magick they oppose
Against his Love and Life.

Urg. With equal Care,
Their Vengeance to prevent, we now prepare.
Behold the Time, when tender Love shall be
Nor vext with Doubt, nor prest with Tyranny.
The Love-sick Heroe shall from Camps remove,
To reap Reward: The Heroe's Pay is Love.
The Tasks of Glory painful are and hard,
But oh! how blest, how sweet is the Reward!

Urganda retires down the Scene as continuing the Ceremony
of Encouragement: Music playing, and her Attendants re-
peating the Chorus of the foregoing Incantation till out of
Sight. The Scene changes to an Apartment in King Celinus's
Palace. Enter a numerous Train of Britons and Romans
preceding Constantius and Coriolanus, follow'd by other
Attendants, Men and Women; the Britons in a painted
Dress, after the ancient Manner.

The British Enchanter.

Confidante, Oriana, Confidential friend.

Con. Lovers consult not Stars, nor watch the Skies, nor
But seek their Sentence in their Charming Eyes; nor
Circles of Thunder, from the Clouds that break; but
My only Omens from your Looks I take; nor
When my Oriana smiles, from thence I derive Good; while
My future Hope, and when she frowns, my Misfortune tell.

Ori. If from my Looks your Sentence you would hear,
Behold, and be instructed to Despair.

Con. Lost in a Labyrinth of Doubts and Joys,
Whom now her Smiles reviv'd, her Scorn destroys;
She will, and she will not; She grants, denies;
Consents, retracts; advances, and then flies;
Approving and rejecting in a Breath;
Now proff'ring Mercy, now presenting Death;
Thus hoping, thus despairing, never sure,
How various are the Torments I endure!
Cruel Estate of Doubt! ah! Prince of Try,
Once to resolve, or let me live or die.

Ori. Cease, Prince, the Anger of the Gods to move:
'Tis now become a Crime to mention Love;
Our holy Men, interpreting the Voice
Of Heav'n in Wrath, forewarn th' ill-omen'd Choices.

Con. Strange Rules for Constancy your Priests devise,
If Love and Hate must vary with your Skies;
From such vile Servitude for Reason free;
The Gods in ev'ry Circumstance agree,
To suit our Union, pointing out to me,

The British Enchanter

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In this right Hand, the Sceptre that they place
For me to hold, was meant for you to grace.
Thou best and fairest of the beauteous Kind,
Accept that Empire which the Gods design'd;
And be the charming Mistress of Mankind.
Ambition, Love, whatever can inspire
A mutual Flame, Glory, and young Desire,
To guide and to adorn the destin'd Choice conspire.
If Greatness then with Beauty may compare,
And sure the Great are form'd but for the Fair,
Then 'tis most plain, that all the Gods decree
That I was born for you, and you for me.

Cat. Nuptials of Form, of Int'rest, or of State;
Those Seeds of Pride, are fruitful in Debate;
Let happy Men for generous Love declare,
And choose the needy Virgin, Chaste and Fair:
Let Women to superior Fortune born,
For naked Virtue all Temptations scorn,
The Charm's immortal to a gallant Mind,
If Gratitude cement whom Love has join'd.
And Providence, not higgardly, but wise,
Here lavishly bestows, and there denies,
That by each other's Virtue we may rise;
Weak the bare Tie of Man and Wife we find;
But Friend and Benefactor always bind.

Enter King Cælius with 4 Guard of Britons.
Cat. Our Priests recover, 'twas a holy Cheat,
Lead back the Bride, the Ceremonies will be

Ori. What Haw' n' forbids ——
 Col. 'Twas Ignorance of my Will, or I wou'd have said —
 Our Priests have better learnt: What now is ill, ~~that~~ ^{that} none can
 Can, when I please, be good; and none shall dare
 Preach or expound, but what their King wou'd hear.
 Ere they interpret let 'em mark my Ned,
 My Voice their Thunder, this right Arm their God.
 Prince, take your Bride.

Ori. 'Twere impious now to suffer him my Hand.

[Refusing to Constantius, who offers to take her Hand.
 Col. How dar'it thou disobey, when I command?
 Mind, mind her not, nor be disturb'd at Tears,

[To Constantius.

A counterfeited Qualm of Bridal Fears,
 All feign'd and false; whilst her Deifies are more
 A real Fire, but a dissembled Show'r:
 You'd see, cou'd you her inward Motions watch,
 Feigning Delz, the wifhes for Dispatch
 Into a Woman's Meaning wou'd you look,
 Then read her backward, like a Wizard's Book,
 On to the Temple lead ——

Ori. Obedience is your Due, which I must pay?

But as a Lover I command you — fly.

[Again rejecting his Hand.

Obeying him, I'll be obry'd by you.

Col. Not Saints to Heaven with more Submission bow:
 I have no Will but what your Eyes ordain:
 Desir'd to Love, as they are doom'd to reign,

Col.

Cal. [Aside.] Into what Hands, ye Gods! how you resign'd
Your World? Are these the Masters of Mankind?
These supple Women teach our Women Scorn.
I thank you, Gods, that I'm a *Brave* born.
Agree these Tribes in a short Debate:
Woman [To her.] no more of this, but follow straight;
And you [To him] be quick, I am not us'd to wait.

[Exit Cælius.]

Oriana *bands* silent and weeping a-while, Constantius *looking* concern'd. *After a short Pause*, Oriana speaks.

Ori. Your Stars and mine have chosen you, to prove
The noblest Way how generous Men should love;
All boast their Flashes, but yet no Woman found
A Paffion, where Self-love was not the Ground.
Now we're ador'd, and the next Hour displeas'd;
At first your Cure, and after, your Disease:
Slaves we are made, by false Pretences caught;
The *British* in my Soul disdains the Thought.

Con. So much, so tenderly, your Slave adores,
He has no Thought of Happiness, but yours.

Ori. Vows may be feign'd, nor shall mere Words prevail;
I must have Proofs; but Proofs that cannot fail.
By Arms, by Honour, and by all that's dear
To Heroes, or expediting Lovers, swear.

Con. Needs there an Oath? and can Oriana say,
Thus I command, and doubt if I'll obey? and on't go.

Ori. Then to be short, and put you out of Pain,
Leave me, and never see my Face again.

Enter

Shalt not, nor look impudent, with prouding Mind, & bold
Be your Oberdirektor, in my Command. 10th Decr 1810
Gen. Your Obrige Command you give with such a Air,
Well may I proue, what amble but to have. 4th Decr 1810
Love is a Plant of the most tender Kind, & when it is
Ther shrivels and shrivels with every rattling Wind, & when
Such Words in Jeit, scarce Can itty Heart support, & the
In-Pat, and forbeast such a red Sport.

On: Our serious Patches no Hours for Mirth allow;

And one short Truth is all my Refuge now.

Prayes then, Prince, to hear a Secret told.

That shame wou'd burn, and blushing I wosold, alou se

But Dangers pressing, Cowards will grow bold; few

Ch. Can you command Despair, yet Love confess;

And curse with the same breath with which you bless.

Or, like me not, — That I do love, is true,

But fainter now your song, it is not you—

One. Permitted. Code 1. Strike any where but there.

Let but those Frowns, and that diflainful Air,

In the worn-out Niceness of the Fair;

'Then I might hope, that Time, effluvius Love, &c.,

Vows, Tears, and Prayers such Cognos might remove:

But if engag'd —— Recall the soul Breath — — — — —

This Spoken Word — the Sound is instant Death.

Or, Too late to be valid, or to deny, make Form

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You are the Judge! For better you or I, who has done more?

11. *Leucosia* (Leucosia) *leucostoma* (Fabricius) (Fig. 11)

Enter Evilly a Briton.

Brit. The King is much displeas'd at this Delay.
Ces. And let him wait, while 'tis my Will to stay.
Ori. Bear back a gentler Answer — We'll obey.
Ces. Hence ev'ry Sound that's either soft or kind;
O for a War like that within my Mind:
Yes, by the Gods! I cou'd to Atoms tear,
Confound Mankind, and all the World — but her.
Say, Flatterer, say! ah! fair Deluder, speak,
Answer me this, ere yet my Heart does break;
Since thus engag'd, you never cou'd intend
Your Love, why was I flatter'd with your Hand?
Ori. To what a Father and a King thinks sir,
A Daughter and a Subject must submit.
Think not from Tyranny that Love can grow;
I am a Slave, and you have made me so.
These Chains that Duty have put on, remove;
Slaves may obey, but they can never love.
Ces. Cruel Oriana, much you wrong'd my Flame;
To think that I could lay so bas's a Claim;
Love is a Subject to himself alone,
And knows no other Empire than his own.
No Ties can bind, that from Constraint arises,
Where either's forc'd, all Obligation dies;
Curst be the Man, who uses other Art,
But only Love to captivate a Heart.
O fatal Law! requiring to resign
The Object lov'd, or hated, keep her mine.



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Ori. Accuse me not of Haste, with equal Eyes
I judge your Merit, and your Virtue prizes;
Friendship, Elizam be yours: Reward before
Of all my Love what can I offer more!
Your Rival's Image in your Worth I view,
And what I lov'd in him, elizam in you;
Had your Complaint been first, it might have mov'd;
He then had been elizam'd, and you belov'd:
Then blame not me, since nothing bias your Fate,
But that you pleased late, and came too late.

[Constantine stands in a thoughtful Posture]

Cov. Thus Merit's usieis; Fortune holds the Scale,
And still throws in the Weight that must prevail;
Your Rival is not of more Charms possest,
A Grain of better Luck has made him Blest; and, Acid T
Can; To love, and have the Power to possest, a world
And yet resign, can Flesh and Blood do this paine? and, T
Shall Nature, erring from her first Command, you would
Self-Preservation, fall by her own Hand? and, T
By her own Act, the Springs of Life destroy,
The Principles and Being of her Joy? and, T
Sensual and base —— Can Nature then approve
Blessings obtain'd, by cursing whom we love? and, T
Possest, she is lost; renouncing, I;
Where then's the Doubt? Did, did, Constantine, did,
Honour and Love, ye Tyrants, I obey,
Where ever your cruel Call directs my Way,

To

To Shame, to Chains, or to a certain Grave
Lead on, un pitying Goddess, behold your Slave.

Ori. Love's an ignoble Joy, below your Care,
Glory shall make amends with Fame in War;
Honour's the noblest Chace, pursue that Game,
And recompence the Loss of Love with Fame:
If still against such Aids your Love prevails,
Yet Absence is a Cure that seldom fails.

Com. Tynenick Honour! what Amends canst thou
E'er make my Heart, by frowning my Brow?
Vain Race of Fame! unless the Conquest prove
In search of Beauty, to conclude in Love.
Frail Hope of Alas! for Time or Chance to give
That Love, which spise of Cruelty can live!
From your Disdain, since no Relief I find,
I must love Absent, whom I love Unkind;
Tho' Seas divide us, and tho' Mountains part,
That Fatal Form will ever haunt my Heart.
O! dire Reverse of Hope, that I endure,
From sure Possession, to Despair as sure!
Farewell, Oriana; yet ere I remove,
Can you refuse one Tear to bleeding Love?
Ah no, take hand, turn, turn those Eyes away;
The Charm's so strong, I shall for ever stay.
Princes rejoice, for your next News shall be,
Ostentatius dies to set Oriana free.

[Exeunt friendly.]

THE BRITISH EMBASSIER.

ACT II. SCENE I.

SCENE, A Thick-wooded Wood.

Enter Arcabon *seminig* *propre*, and Arcabon.

Arcab. **N**o Warning of th' approaching Flame,
Swiftly like hidden Death it comes on to
Like Travellers by Light'ning kild,
I burnt the Moment I beheld.

In whom so many Charms are plac'd,
It with a Mind as nobly grac'd;
The Case so shining to behold,
Is fill'd with richest Gems and Gold.

To what my Eyes admir'd before,
I add a Thousand Graces more,
And Fancy blows into a Flame
The Spark, that from his Beauty came.

The Object thus improv'd by Thought,
By my own Image I am caught.
Pygmalion so with fatal Art,
Followt the Form that stung his Heart.

Arcab.

Arcab.

The British Embassy

called. Enchanted say, whence such Bresler as these?

'Thou answer'it Love, I speak of Amor' 24

Scrub. Swiftly the past, and again Sport purifies.

The savage Bend, and hunted round the Wood;

Tigers and Wolves in vain his Stroke withheld,
Cut down like Poppies by the Reaper's Hand,
Like Lions he look'd so terrible and strong,
Like Jove majestic, like Apollo young,
With all their Attributes divinely grac'd,
And like their Thunder in his Arm was plac'd.

Area. Who pull'd? who look'd?

“Aye! Ah! there’s the fatal Wound, —

That tears my Heartstrings; — But he shall be found;
Yes, ye Internals, if there's Pow'r in Art,
My Arms shall hold him, as he grasps my Heart,
Shall I, who can draw down the Moon, and keep
The Stars confi'd, enchant the haif'rowe Deep,
Bid Rivers hal, make Hills and Forests move,
Shall I be baffled by this Trifler Love?

And, suspend thine Roll, and let Rue surmount,
A Brothers Death requires a strict Account;
To Day, to Day, perhaps this very Hour,
This Moment, 'tis now, the Murtherer's in our Pow'r;
Leave Love in Cottages and Cells to Friend,
With Nymphs obscure, and with the lowly Swain;
Who waste their Days but Strength in such short Joy;
Are Fools, that bate no better Life for They,

Friends. They're Friends who preach the smile our Days
and Strengths;
What is a Life, whose only Charm is Length?
Give me a Life that's short, and wing'd with Joy;
A Life of Love, whose Minutes never cloy:
What is an Age in dell Rehown drug'd after? but wing'd
One little single Hour of Love is more. *See it perform'd by Arcal.*
An Attendant enters hastily, and whispers Arcal.
Arcal. See it perform'd —— And thou shalt be
Dire Instrument of Hell, a God to me.

「Exit 1999」

He comes, he comes, just ready to be caught.
Here Ardan fell, here on this fatal Spot
Our Brother dy'd; here flow'd that precious Gore,
The purple Flood, that cries so loud for more.
Think on that Image, see him on the Ground,
His Life and Fame both bury'd in one Wound,
Think on the Murderer, with insulting Pride
Tearing the Weapon from his bleeding Side,
Oh think—— What need these bloody Images to move
Revenge I will—— And would faine say Love;
Why shou'd I of a Brute shameful be,
From which no Mortal yet was ever born?
Not fierce Medea, Allende of our Art,
Nor Cleopatra, though the Queen,
If Heel has Pow'r, both Diffuse I will pluck down,
My Anger and my Love shall both have place.

1

Lead on, Magician, make Revenge secure,
My Hand's as ready and shall strike as sure. [They go off.]

Oriana and Corinella appear coming from the inner Park of
the Grove.

Ori. Thrice happy they, who thus in Woods and Groves,
From Courts verir'd, possid their peaceful Loves.
Of royal Maids, how match'd both the Rest,
Born only to be Victims of the Gods,
Our Hopes, our Wisher, all our Passions ty'd
For publick Use; the Slaves of others Pride.
Here let us wait th'Evening, on which alone
Depends my Peace, I tremble 'till tis known.

Cor. So generous this Emperor's Love does seem,
'Twould justify a Change, to change for him.

[Flourish of Musick as in the Forest.]

Ori. Oft we have heard such airy Sounds as these,
Which in soft Musick murmur'ing thro' the Trees,
Salute us as we pass — — —

Cor. The Air we breathe sure is enchanted Air,
(They fly, looking about as surpris'd.)

[Enter several of Lucius's Magicians, representing Shepherds
and Shepherdess singing and dancing.]

A SHEPHERDESS.

Follow ye nymphs and shepherds all,
Cross celebrate this Festival,
And merrily sing, and sport, and play,
For 'tis Oriana's Nuptial Day.

To

To Orpheus] Queen of Britain, and of Love,
 Be happy as the Blest above; —
 A joyful Day is in thy Power, —
 Seize, O seize the smiling Hour,
 Graces numberless attend thee,
 The Gods as many Blessings send thee;
 Be happy as the Blest above, —
 Queen of Britain, and of Love.

[Exit, singing in

C H O R U S.

Follow ye Nymphs, &c.

Or. Preposterous Nuptials, that fill every Breast
 With Joy, but only hers, who shou'd be blest.

Car. Sure some Magician keeps his Revels here!
 Princes retire, there may be Danger near.

Or. What Danger in such gentle Notes can be?
 Thou Friend to Love, thrice pow'ful Harmony.

I'll follow thee — Play on —
 Musick's the Balm of Love, it charms Despair,
 Suspends the Smart, and sooths ev'ry Care.

[Enter, following the Musick.]

Arcalus enters, with an Almond, offering them.

Arcal. Finisht the rest, and then be free to Air:
 My Eyes ne'er yet beheld a Form so fair.
 Happy beyond my Wish, I go to prove
 At once, the joys of Sweet Revenge and Love.

[Enter following.]

Enter

Enter Amadis and Floreal.

Amad. Mistake me not —— No man will die,
If she is pleas'd, but not distract her joy.

Nice Honour still engages to requite
False Mistresses, and proud, with Slight for Slaves,
But if, like mine, the stubborn Heart retain
A wilful Tenderness, the Brave must reign,
In private grieve, but with a careless Scorn
In publick, seem to triumph, not to mourn.

Flo. Hard is the Task, in Love or Grief to sigh;
When Passion is sincere, it will complain:
Doubts that from Rumour rise, you shou'd suspend;
From evil Tongues what Virtue can defend?
In Love, who injures by a rash Distrust,
Is the Aggressor, and the first unjust.

Amad. If she is true, why all this Nuptial Noise,
Still echoing as we pass her guilty Joys?
Who to a Woman trusts his Peace of Mind,
Trusts a frail Bark, with a tempestuous Wind.
Thus to Ulysses, on the Stygian Coast
His Fare enquiring, spoke Atrides' Ghost;
Of all the Plagues with which the World is curs'd,
Of ev'ry Ill, a Woman is the worst;
Trust not a Woman —— Well might he advise,
Who perish'd by his Wife's Adulteries.

Flo. Thus in Despair, what most we love, we wrong,
Not Haw'ns escapes the impious Athos's Tongue.

Amad. Enticing Craviles, whose Tears are Death;
 Sirens, that murder with enchanting Breath:
 Like Egypt's Temples, dazzling to the Sight,
 Pompously deck'd, all gaudy, gay, and bright;
 With glitt'ring Gold and sparkling Gems they shine;
 But Apes and Monkeys are the Gods within.

Flor. My Love attends with Pain, while you pursue
 This angry Theme: I have a Mistress too:
 The faultless Form no secret Stains disgrace,
 A beauteous Mind unblemish'd as her Face,
 Not painted and adorn'd to varnish Sin,
 Without all Goddess, all Divine within.
 By Truth maintaining what by Love she got;
 A Heav'n without a Cloud, a Sun without a Spot!

Amad. Forgive the Visions of my Iratrick Brain;
 Far from the Man I love, be all such Pain:
 By the immortal Gods I swear, my Friend,
 The Fates to me no greater Joy cou'd send,
 Than that your Labours meet a prosperous End:
 After so many glorious Toils, that you
 Have found a Mistress, beautiful and true.

Oriana and Corinna *wishers.*

Ori. and *Cor.* Help, help, oh! Heav'n, help—

Amad. What Cries are these?

Flor. It seem'd the Call of Women in Distress,
 Of savage Beasts and Men a monstrous Brood

Possess this Land—

Ori. and *Cor.* Help, help—

Amad. Again the Cry's renew'd.

Draw

The Divided Kingdom

Draw both our Swords, and fly with Speed to every
Th' Oppret have a free Reigne in the Brass.
[All draw their Swords.]

[Oriana and Corinna traffic the Stage purſ'd by a Party
belonging to Arcalau.]

Ori. and Cor. Help, help!

Party, Purſue, purſue.

[Eller, croſſing the Stage purſ'd by the Party]

Arcalau enters fighting, and retreating before Amadis.

Arcal. Forbear, rash Mortal, give thy Brandy o'er,
For know thou tempt'st a more than mortal Pow'r.

Amad. Think not my Sword ſhall give the leaſt Reprieve,
Twere Cruelty to let ſuch Monsters live.

[Florestan re-enters retreating with another Party in
fiz'd, diſarm'd, and carry'd off.]

Arcal. Yet pause, and be adviſ'd; avoid thy Fate;
Without thy Life my Vengeance is compleat:
Behold thy Friend born to eternal Chain,
Remember Ardan now, and count thy Glims.

Amad. Like Ardan's be thy Fate, un pity'd fall,
Thus I'll at once revenge, and free them all.

Fight again, Arcalau ſtill retreating 'till off the Stage. Inſtruments of Horror are heard under Ground, and in the
Air. Monsters and Demons riſe from under the Stage, whilst others fly down from above, croſſing and fro in
Confuſion: Clashing of Swords behind the Scenes: Thunder
and Lightning, during which Time the Stage is darken'd.
On the ſudden a Fleurish of all the Minſtrels ſucceeds, the
Sky

Sky above, and the Green things in a pleasant twilight;
Aman appears leaning on his sword, surrounded by Shepherds and Shepherdesses, who with Song, Music and Dance
perform the following Entertainment.

A S P E R H E R D.

*Love, Greater Love, appear,
Aimed and bear;
Appear.*

A S P E R H E R D E S S.

*Love, Greater Love,
Powers of Heaven and Earth,
Delight of Gods above,
To them all Nature was her Birth,
Love, Greater Love.*

C H O R U S.

*Appear, appear,
Aimed and bear;
Appear.*

S P E R H E R D.

*All that in air does move,
Or turns in subtle Fields below,
Or sparkles in the Skies above,
Or does in rolling Waters flow,
Spring from the Snde that thou left few;
Love, Greater Love.*

C H O R U S.

*Appear, appear, aimed and bear;
Aimed and bear;
Appear.*

SHEP.

The British Embalmers.

29

SHEPHERDES.

When Love is away,
Or is not here,
How dull is the Day,
How few the Hours;
When Love is away there's no Delight,
How dull is the Day,
When Love's away,
How dull is the Day,
How few the Hours;
Burng'd with Love, how swift is the Night!

CHORUS.

Better is Love a Slave to be,
Than with the mid Empire free.

[*Symphony for Discord.*]

ODD for DISCORD.

When Love's away, then Discord reigns,
The Fairies be troubled,
And Echoes weep,
The Northern Wind,
That farr'd lay in Grief,
And rent up Earth, and plough the Plain,
Old Ocean roar and roar,
From their deep Throats the Rocks be cast,
While Dragons here fly,
That dash against the Sky,
And few to drown the Town,
The affeckid Claude return the Clock.

The British Encyclopedia.

Blue Lightnings flash on Heavens,
 And Thunder rends the Earth,
 Then Jove usurps his Father's Crown,
 Instructing Mortals to aspire;
 The Father would destroy the Son,
 The Son delivers the Son,
 The Titans, to regain their Right,
 Prepare to try a second Fight,
 Briareus arms his hundred-Hand'd Host,
 And marches forth the bold Gigantick Belliger,
 Fellow upon Ossa, thence,
 Steep Olympus they invade,
 Gods and Giants tumble down,
 And Mortals fill'd by Enceladus,
 Horror, Confusion, woeful Day,
 Daggers, Trumps, Sword, and Fire,
 To execute the awful Wrath of Jove,
 The Fairies left their Smoky Buds,
 And lish both Men and Gods,
 Chorus of Instrumental Musick for Discord.

SYMPHONY FOR LOVE.

SHEPHERD'S SONG.

But when Love bids, Discord is farre from me,
 Then joying Solidaire to Peace, with silent steps,
 O the Pleasures past expressing! O the bliss!
 All is Joy, and all is Blessing,
 Hail to Love, and welcome Joyful hearts,
 Hail to the delicious Day!

The British Minstrelsy

21

From Cyprus first the Wind, and tempests, with him O]
Then passing to the Main, the gales, when
In Britany he fix'd his Reign,
And to Orlans' Eyes the Threat, stand off I breath.

CHORUS.

Hail to Love, and welcome Joy,
Hail to the delicious Day !
See the Sun from Love returning,
Love's the Flame in which he's burning.
See the Zephyrs hissing close,
On Flora's Breast their Wings repose.
Hail to Love ! the softest Pleasure,
Joy and Beauty reign for ever.

D A N C E.

Dance of Shepherds and Shepherdesses. — Call
Shepherds to Lourdes, and let the fair
New Martial prepare,
For thy Fair is in Hand,
New Martial prepare,
And surrender,
For Love shall reign,
When to Love, the Warlike, I have given I
Who rules from the Skies — yet more weighty
To the Country, — more, — the martial way
New martial prepare, — with ease, — yet I have given I
For thy Fair is in hand, — yet more weighty
New martial prepare, — and I have given I have given I
And surrender, — of her, — yet more weighty

B 4

[Orlans]

[Oriana rises, unbound, and goes to a Bed of Flowers. Almodis follows her, draws over his Sword, and offers to kill her, but is fixed in his former Infatuation.

Amad. I'll break these' old Enchantments to th' old Arms.
I am all Love, and thou all over Charms.

[Here he is fix'd: Oriana walks and rises.
Ori. In what enchanted Regions am I lost?
Am I alive? Or wond're here a Ghoul?
Art thou too dead?

Amad. Where'er you are, the Realm of this must be:
I see my Goddess, and 'tis her's to set!
Stand off —— and give me way ——

Ori. No —— keep him there,
Th' ungrateful Twin, let him not come near:
Convey the Witch within Dipples' stones
For Crimes enormous, and where Thys ignominies,
With Robbers and with Murderers let him prove
Immortal Pains — for he has murder'd Love.

Amad. Have I done this!

Ori. Base and perfidious Man,
Let me be heard, and answer if you can,
Was it your Love, when trembling by your Side
I wept, and I implo'red, and almost dy'd,
Urging your stay — Was it your Love that bore
Your faithless Vessel from the British Shore?
What said I not, upon that fatal Nighn,
When you avow'd your meditated Flight?
Was it your Love, that prompted you to part,
To leave me dying, and to break my Heart?

For whom you find, Johnson and Ingoldsby, &c. &c.
Report your Folly, but expect to live.

Amad. Mistaken Prince) By the Stars above,
The Pow'rs below, and by Immortal You,
Unwilling and compelled ——

Or. Unwilling and compelled! Vain, vain Pretence,
For base Neglect, and cold Indifference.

Was it your Love, when by those Stars above,
Those Pow'rs below, and that Immortal You
You vow'd, before the first revolving Moon
You wou'd return —— Did you return? The Sun
Thrice round the circled Globe was seen to move,
You neither came, nor sent —— Was this your Love?

Amad. Thrice has the Sun beheld me on your Coast,
By Tempests beaten, and in Shipwrecks lost.

Or. And yet you chuse those Perils of the Sea,
Of Rocks, and Storms, or any thing, but me.
The rising Ocean, and the Winter Wind,
Touch'd at my Passion, with my Wifey join'd,
No Image, but of certain Fate, appear'd,
Less I your Ahrons, than your Danger, fear'd;
It vain they threaten'd, and I sul'd in vain;
More deaf than Storms, more cruel than the Main,
No Pray'r, nor gentle Message cou'd prevail,
To seek a calmer Sky, or softer Gale;
You brav'd the Danger, and despis'd the Love,
Nor Death cou'd fright, nor Tenderness cou'd move.

Amid. Of our poor Lives, the Plots, and the Plots,
Fixt in my Soul, for ever shall remain; And when I
Recall most gently my unhappy State, I hardly dare,
And charge implores, not on my Choice, but Fate:
In Mortal Breast, sure Honour never weigh'd his weight;
So did a War, nor Life more surely weigh'd than I
You saw my Torment, and you know my Heart; yet 'tis
Twas Infamy to say, 'twas Death to poor I saw it as
Ore. In vain you'd cover, with the Thrill of Fame,
And Honour's Cell, up o'er the Traitor's Name;
Cou'd Honour such vain Praise approve? but know not
Is it no Honour, so to be true to Love? No, but you must
O Virtue! Parent of the Trojan Brute, you did not know
In Britain too, some Romans found a Phœbus;
From Brute descending in a Line discept, and alighted
Within these Vales, the first he did usurp; A no
Mother of Love, by Men and Gods reward, and who
Confirm these Vows, and let this Phœbus be kept? yet still
The Britons the Gauls have such small heart, so hideous,
Immortal Hatred, and Imperial War; yet so small
Nor League, nor Commerce, let the Nations know; also
But Seeds of everlasting Discord grow; and when they're fit
With Fist and Sword the foolish Race perish; yet still
This Vengeance to my injur'd Love is due; and when
Rise from our Ashes, from among Head, and Heart, and
To curb their Tyrants, and invade their Land; when you
Wave, fight with War, and Shores with Shows engage; I
And let our Sons inherit the same Rage.

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Amad. Might I be heard one Word in my Defence?

Orn. No not a Word. What specious forc'd Pretence
Wou'd you invent, to gild a weak Defence?

To false *Zembla*, which 'twas given by *Parr*
To tread the Paths of Death, and view the Stygian States;
Forboden Dile was the Girl that stood
To strike his Eye, her bosom bath'd in Blood
Fresh from her Wounds: *Parr* Horror and Aumption of
Seiz'd the false Man, confounded at the sight; Trembling
Trembling he gaz'd, and some faint Words he spoke,
Some Tears he shed, which, with disdainful Look,
Unmov'd she heard, and few, nor heeded more
Than the firm Rock, when faithless Tempests roar:
With one last Glimpse, his Palshooft she upmirth'd
Then sullenly retires, and seeks eternal Shades.

Lead me, O lead me, where the bleeding Queen,
With just Reproaches, loads perfidious Men,
Banish'd from joy, from Empire, and from Light,
In Death involves me, and in wretched Night,

But keep — that odious Object — from my sight.

Ester Arcalus.

Arca. With her last Words she sign'd his dying Breath,
Convey him straight to Tortures and to Death.

Amad. Let me not perish with a Traitor's Name!
Naked, unarm'd, and single as I am,
Loose this right Hand, I challenge all thy Odds, of Hell
Of Heav'n, or Hell, of Demons, or of Gods.

Arca.

*Arc. Hence to his Fate the valiant Boast he bore,
[They force him off.
For him, let our infernal Priests prepare
Their Knives, their Cords, and Alcars — But for her,
Soft Beds, and flow'ry Banks, and fragrant Bow'rs,
Musick and Songs, and all those making Pow'rs
With which Love steals on Hearts, and turns the Mind
To Tenderness and yielding —* *and so on about
Superior Charms, enchant us to be kind.*

[Exeunt.]

A C T III. SCENE I.

Arcarius and Arcabon meeting.

*Arc. Welcome as after Darkness cheerful Light,
Or to the weary Wanderer downy Night.
Smile, smile, O Arcarius, for ever smile,
And with thy gayest Looks reward my Toil:
That fallen Air but ill becomes thee now,
Se'lt thou not glorious Conqueror on my Brow?
Arcabon, Arcabon —*

Arcab. Dead, or in Chancis? Be quick in thy Reply.

*Arc. He lives, my master, but lives to die.
The gnawing Vulture, and the maffic Wheel,
Shall be Delight to what the Wretch shall feel.*

The British Enchantress.

Arab. Goddess of dire Revenge, Envy rise,
With Pleasure grace thy Lips, with Joy thy Eyes;
Smile like the Queen of Love, and strip the Rocks
Of Pearls and Gems, to deck thy Jetty Locks;
With cheerful Tunes disguise thy hollow Throat,
And emulate the Lark and Linnet's Note;
Let Envy's self-egotism, Despair be guy,
For Rage and Murder shall triumph to-day.

Arab. Arise, O *Arabs*, from the hollow Womb,
Of Earth, arise, burst from thy brazen Tomb,
Now witness to the Vengeance we prepared,
Rejoice, and rest for ever woe of Care,

Arab. Phœn, arise, Infernal King, release
The tortur'd Slave, and let the damn'd have Peace;
But double all their Pains on *Amadis*.

Arab. Mourn all ye Hœv'rs, above you strew Phœn,
Let Grief abound, and Lamentation reign,
The Thunderer with Tears below the Skye,
For *Amadis*, his Champion's doom'd to die.

Arab. Death be my Care: For to complaint his Woes,
The Slave shall perish by a Woman's Blow;
Thus each by turns shall his dire Vow fulfil:
'Twas thine to conquer, and 'tis mine to kill.

Arab. So look'd *Melis*, when the Rival Bride,
Upon her nuptial Day, confirming dy'd:
O never more let Love disguise a Face,
By Rage adorn'd with such triumphant Gait.

Arab.

Arab. In sweet Revenge inferior Joys are lost,
 And Love lies shipwreck'd on the stormy Coast,
 Rage rules all other Passions in my Breast,
 And swelling like a Torrent, drowns the rest.
 Should this curs'd Wretch, whom most my Soul abhors,
 Prove the dear Man whom most my Soul adores,
 Love shou'd in vain defend him with his Dart,
 Thro' all his Charms I'd stab him to the Heart. [Exeunt]

S C E N E II.

Enter Constantius, Cælius, Lucius a Roman, and Guards
 of Britain.

Con. Refus'd o' Scanguard, mus'd d' and coulin'd
 Do Royal Guests no better Usage find? Are these the Customs of the British Courte? Are these
 Hertely then in Britain, per Mes, refur'd? This
 This Treatment, Britons, from smot'hr Men.

Cæl. It is my Will, and help it as you can, I will
 From Contracts sign'd, and Articles agreed, abear no i
 With Brit'ns. Right it suits not to stand so dead & dumb.
 How may the World interpret such Magnificenc? And on her Bessy, or her Fairie, institut'nd does and T
 Roman, consider well what Course you might said: I
 Resolve to be my Tribune, or my Son. If this sounds rude, then know, we Britons slight
 The supple Arts that Foreigners delight, we stand resolute
 Nor stand on Formes to placate our Britons, make a g

[Exit; King Cælius.

Luc.

Eus. Happy Extremity! now, Prince, be blest;
Of all you love, and all you will, possess;
No Care you incur, constrain'd to choose;
Possess'd at once of Pleasure and Excuse.

Cm. If for my self alone I wou'd possess,
Twere sensual Joy, and trivial Happiness;
When most we love, embracing and embrac'd,
The Particle sublime of Bliss, is plac'd
In Raptures that we feel the ravish'd Charmer taste.
Orions, no — tho' certain Death it be,
I'll keep my Word — I'll die or set thee free.
Haste, *Lucius,* haste, sound loud our Trumpets, call
Our Guard to arms, tho' few, they're *Roman* all.
Now tremble, savage King, a *Roman* Hand
Shall ne'er be bound, that can a Sword command.

As they go off, re-enter Celius hastily, accosted as before:

Cel. Not to be found! the man, he shall be found —
Disperse our Parties, search our Kingdoms round,
Follow *Constantius*, seize him, torture, kill him! —
Traitor! What Vengeance I can施展, will施展 the.
Well have thy Gods, O *Rome*, found thy Foe! —
Planted behind so many Lands and Seas, —
Or thou should'st feel me, City, in thy Fall, —
More dreadful than the *Serpent* on the Gavel.
But to supply and recompence this Wrong,
Hear, O ye Guardians of our Isle, and grant me —
That Wrath may rise, and Strife immortal come
Betwixt the Gods of *Britain*, and of *Rome*.

[Exit.]

The

The English Ballad Master.

The Scene changes to a Scene of Th却 and Desolation; Men and Women claim'd in their Projects to destruction; in the
Treat of the Captive Florinda and Gertrude. A Guard of
Demons. Plainive Music.

To be sung by a Captive King.

Up to the Throne of Heaven, where I stand,
Look down, ye Powers, look down;
And cast a pitying Eye
Upon a Monarch's misery.

Look down, look down.

Who lies now on Thrones of Gold,
Gave Laws to Kingdoms unbound'd;

To Empire born.

From Empire torn.

A wretched Slave,

A wretched Slave,

Am now of Slave the Scorn.

Start the Sirens of Heaven prowl,
As variable as Human Love.

Look down, ye Powers, look down;
And cast a pitying Eye,
Upon a Monarch's misery.

Look down, look down;
Sunge of your Majesties, Sunge of your Majesties,
Sunge, Sunge, Sunge, Sunge, Sunge.

Afford Majesties, Afford Majesties, Afford Majesties.

By

The British Encounters.

42

By a Captive Lover.

The happy Mirah, and more me,
I lov'd Mirah, Mirah more,
Each deiform of the blessing, in a thought,
Nothing wanting but Possessing;

I lov'd Mirah, Mirah me,

The happy Mirah, and more me,

But since cruel Fates differ,

Driv'n from Love, and torn far o'er,

Torments and me,

Death befriend me:

Of all Pains the greatest Pain

Is to love, and love in vain:-

By a Captive Libertine.

Play me not with idle mimicry, and turn not
Whining Love, and joyful Glory in thine eyes,
What are Lovers, what are Kings? 'tis of no use,
What are left but florid Things that are not worth

Free I liv'd as Nature made me, but now I am not
Love nor Beauty don't trouble me, but now I am not
The rebellious Slave, but now I am not I trust all to
Dress I lov'd me Mirah made me, but now I am not

By

III.

*Each by Turns, as Sons impell'd me,
Bacchus, Ceres, Venus, sold me; but I
I alone have lost true Pleasure.
Freedom is the only Treasure.*

Chorus of Damses, expressing Horror and Despair.

*Cease, ye Slaves, your fruitless Grieving,
No, no,*

*The Powers below
No Pity know,*

Cease, ye Slaves, your fruitless Grieving,

*No, no,
The Powers below
No Pity know,*

Cease, ye Slaves, your fruitless Grieving,

*Flor. to Cov. To talk of Pain, and yet to gaze on them,
To meet, and yet to mourn, but ill agree.*

*Well may the Brave contend, the Wise contrive,
In vain against their Stars the destin'd Drive.*

*Cov. So to th' appointed Grove, the feather'd Fair
Fly chirping on, unwatchful of the Stake,
Pursuing Love, and wing'd with am'rous Thought,
The wanton Couple in one Toss we caught,
In the same Cage in miseryous Moan complain'd
Of the same Fate, and curs'd perfidious Man.
Captives. O Heav'n, take Pity of our Pain,
Let Death give Freedom from our Chains.*

Flor.

Flourish of Instruments of Horror. Enter Arcabon with a Dagger in her Hand, surrounded by Infernal Spirits, and Arcab. Your Vows have reach'd the Gods, your Chains and Breath

Have the same Date —

Prepare for Freedom, for I bring you Death.

*He who so oft has 'scap'd th' Assaults of Hell,
Whom yet no Spells cou'd bind, no Force cou'd quell,
By whom so many bold Enchancers fell,*

*Amadis, Amadis, this joyful Day,
Your Guardian Deity himself's our Prey.
From all their Dungeons let our Captives come;
Idle Spectators of their Hero's Doom.*

[Other Demons cry, and dismiss our Captives in Chorus]

*Car. On me, on me, let every Vengeance fall, I bid you
Make me the Victim to those for all.*

*Flor. Rather on me let all your Fury bend,
But save, O save my Mistress and my Friend.*

*Arcab. As soon the Linnets shall have, to spread
Her Prey — Behold the Sacrifice appointed to fall upon O*

*[A Travesty is drawn after the Arcabon in Chains
Arcabon advancing hastily to stab him, Flor and Caron*

*Thou dy'it — What strange and what relentless Charm,
With secret Force, wreath my Jaded Arm?*

*What art thou, who with more than Magick Art
Dost make my Hand unfeather'd to my Heart?*

Amadis

Mad. One, who disdaining Money, fain to die,
 Lark not Life, for Life were Cruelty.
 Of all the Wretched, search the World around,
 A more unhappy never can be found;
 Let loose thy rage, like an avenging God,
 Pain wou'd my Soul encumber'd cast her Load.

Arab. In every Feature of that charming Face,
 The dear Enchanter of my Soul I trace:

[Aside, observing him.]
 My Brother! had my Father too been kill'd.
 Nay, my whole Race, his Blood should not be spill'd.
 The Ties of Nature do but weakly move,
 The strongest Tie of Nature, is in Love.
 [Stand gazing upon him.]

Mad. O Hero! I see thole Chains with Shame,
 Which I cou'd not prevent — O Stain to Fame!
 O Honour lost for ever! These fall,
 But Hercules remain'd unconquer'd still.
 And freed his Friend — What Man cou'd do, I did.
 Nor was I overpow'rd, but betray'd.
 O my lov'd Friend! with better Grace we stood.
 In Arms repelling Death, standing in Blood
 'To victories; the manly limb that strok
 Firm and crook, beneath a noble Load
 Of ponderous Mail, these shameful Bonds disdain,
 And sinks beneath th' impetuous Weight of Chains.

Mer. Where shall the Brave and Good for Refuge run,
 When to be virtuous is to be undone?

The British Embassy

Since Jupiter's deport'd, some Giant rules
An impious World, contriv'd for Knives and Fools,
— dread. He speaks, and every Accent to my Heart
Gave a fresh Wound, and was another Dart:
He weeps — but riddens at the Tears that fall —
Is it for these? Be quick and free 'em all.

Let every Captive be releas'd from Chains:
How is it that I love, if he complain?
Hence every Grief, and ev'ry anxious Care,
Mix with the Seas and Winds, until Tempests there:
Strike all your Strings, to joyful Measures move,
And ev'ry Voice sound Liberty and Love.

[Flourish of all the Masses. The Captions are set in
Liberty. Arcabon from Amadis himself.]

SONG

Energy Efficiency

Abbas Saad is 20 years old

From 1922, the *Journal* became

Letters from the Past

Translating the *Journal of Clinical Oncology*

20000 Years of Climate Change

128 *John F. S. Watson*

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Language and the Brain

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Another

Another Voice. *Happy, happy, happy, and
Happy Isle, all joys possessing,*

*Climb resembling Heaven above,
Freedom 'tis that crowns thy Blessing,
Land of Liberty, and Love!*

Woo the Nymphs, to cure complaining,

*Set themselves and Lovers free,
In the Blessing of Obtaining,*

Ah! how sweet is Liberty,

Fifth Dance of Captives,

Florestan and Corininda vanquish their sorrows,

*Flor. In this enchanting Circle let me be,
Nor ever and for ever bound with these,*

*Cor. Life of my Life, and Charm of my Heart,
From these Embraces let us never part.*

*Flor. Never, O never — In some safe Retreat,
Far from the Noise and Tumults of the Great,
Secure and happy on each other's Breast,
Within each others Arms we'll ever rest;
Those Eyes shall make my Days serene and bright,
These Arms, thus circling round me, bless the Night.*

*Arcabon advances with Andelin, the rest stand in Rows,
bowing as they advance.*

*Arcab. When Rage, like Midas, makes a sudden Pause,
Methinks 'twere easy to divine the Guest;
Soldiers, though rough, may in'n Ladig's Room,
The secret meaning of her blushes trace,*

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203

The British Enchanters.

47

When short-breath'd Signs, and catching Glances, sent,
From dying Eyes, reveal the kind Intent.
All Day in Wars rude Hazards take Delight,
But love and gentler Pleasures rule the Night.

Amad. The Lords of Fate, who all our Lots decree,
Have destin'd Fame no other Joy for me,
My sullen Stars in that one Circle move,
The happy only are ordain'd for Love.

Arab. The Stars that you reproach, my Art can force,
I can direct 'em to a kinder Course,
What conquer'd Nations, driven from the Field,
Can please your Pride, like tender Maids that yield?
What Sound so sweet or ravishing, can move
Like the soft Whisper of contenting Love?
What Spoils of Fame, what Trophies have the Charms
Of Love, Triumphant in a Virgin's Arms?
Freely as Nature made the Treasure mine,
And boldly rise all, each Gem is thine;
Unguarded see the Maiden Casket stand,
Glad of the Theft, to court the Robber's Hand;
Honour his wanted Watch no longer keeps,
Seize quickly Soldier, while the Dragon sleeps.

Amad. Enchanting are your Looks, less Magick lies
In your mysterious Art, than in your Eyes;
Such melting Language claims a soft Return,
Pity the hapless Love with which I burn:
Fast bound already, and not free to choose,
I prize the Blessing which I must refuse.

CHORUS.

Arab.

Arab. Those formal Lovers be for ever confin'd
Who fetter'd free-born Love with Honour first,

[Turning angrily aside.]

Who thro' fantastick Laws are Virtue's Fools,
And against Nature will be Slaves to Rules.
How cold he stands! Unkindling at my Chams!

[Observing him.]

Thou Rock of Ice, I'll melt thee in my Arms.

[To him gently.]

Your Captive Friends have Freedom from this Hour;
Rejoice for them, but for thy self much more:
Sublimer Blessings are reserv'd for thee,
Whom Glory calls to be possell of me.

The Shipwreckt Greeks, cast on *Æas's* Shore,
With trembling Steps the dubious Coast explore;
Who first arrive, unworthy of Regard,
In vain lament, unpity'd and unheard;
But when *Ulysses* with Majestick Mien
Approach'd the Throne, where sat th' Enchantress Queen,
Pleas'd with a Presence that invades her Charms,
She takes the bold Advent'rer in her Arms,
Up to her Bed she leads the Conqueror on,
Where he enjoys the Daughter of the Sun.

[She leads Amadis out. *Florellan* and *Corisanda* go off together, looking back with concern after Amadis. The remaining Captives express their Joy for Liberty, with Songs and Dances, with which the Act concludes.]

CHORUS.

CHORUS.

To Fortune give immortal Praise;
Fortune deposes, and can raise;
Fortune the Captives' Chains does break;
And brings despairing Exiles back;
However low this Hour we fall,
One lucky Moment may mend all.

"Tis Fortune governs all below:
The Statesman's Wiles, the Gambler's Throw;
The Soldier's Fame, the Merchant's Gain;
The Lover's Joy, the Prisoner's Chains;
Are but as Fortune shall bestow;
Tis Fortune governs all below.

Sixth Dance of Captives to the Chorus.

[Exeunt.]



ACT IV. SCENE I.

SCENE, A Grove, &c.

Enter Arcabon and Arcalus.

Arcab. HIS first Excuses I to forms allow'd,
And deem'd 'em Policy before the Clouds;
But when alone, in Shades where Lovers hide,
Death! Hell! and Furies! then to be deny'd!

C

Araly

Arab. Of Women Tyrants 'tis the common Doom,
Each haughty sets out in Beauty's Bloom,
Till late repenting, to rottenness they fall,
You turn abandon'd Prostitutes & left.

Arab. Who Hate Goodness, in fact of their Reign:
Rage begets Rage, Disdain provokes Disgust:
Why, why, alas, shou'd Love fail to quell prove?
Why is not Love return'd with mankind's Love?

Arab. Blessings when cheap, or certain, we despise;
From sure Possession what Delights we risk?
Love, like Ambition, when 'tis his object,
By Doubt provok'd by Curiosity thwarts him.

Arab. To govern Lovel what with Wanton? —
Yet 'tis an easy Province to a man.
Why am I then of Hope abash'd with Jealousy?
There is a Cure — I'd ask it — if I might,
Forgive me, Brother, if I pry too far;
I've learnt — my Rival is your Prioress here;

If that be true —

Arab. What thence shou'd you infer?

Arab. What but her Death — When ~~she~~ she'll be free
From Hopes of her, there may be Hope for me.

Arab. Thou Cloud to his bright ~~Janet~~ Fool, shall be
Who has lov'd her, ever deformed to thee?

Arab. Which walter Fool art thou; where are those
Children
That are to tempt's Prince to thy Arms?
Thou Vulcan to Orpheus' Blows.

Arab.

The British Enchantress.

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Arca! But yet,
This *Valass* has that *Man* within his *Net*.
Your *Council* comes too late, for 'tis *decided*,
To make the *Woman* sure, the *Man* shall *bleed*.

Arca! First perish thou, Earth, Air, and Seas and Sky,
Confounded in one *Hemp* of *Chaos* lie,
And ev'ry other living *Creature* die.
I burn, I burn; the *Storm* that's in my *Mind*
Kindles my *Heart*, like *Fires* provok'd by *Wind*:
Love and *Resentment*, *Wilhes* and *Dillain*,
Blow all at once, like *Winds* that plough the *Main*:
Furies, *Aliens*, aid my *Just Design*;
But if, averse to *Mercy*, you decline
The pious *Task*, assist me, *Pow'rs* divine;
Just *Gods*, and thou their *King*, *Imperial* *you*,
Strike whom you please, but save the *Man* I love.

The S.C.E.N E changes to a pleasant *Garden*, *Quins* sitting in a *Bower* at the lower Part of the *Scene*, lifting to soft *Musick*. *Arca!* enters *bounding* *rebufffully*; she rises; they advance *lowly* towards the *Stage* in *acute* *Dances*, 'till the *Musick* ceases.

Arca! Of Freedom left, unjustly you complain,
Born to command, where'er you come, you reign;
No Fetters here you wear, but others bind,
And not a *Prison*, but an *Empire* find.

Ori. Death I expect, and I desire it too,
 'Tis all the Mercy to be wish'd from you.
 To die is to be free: Oh let me find
 A speedy Death; that Freedom wou'd be kind.

Areal. Too cruel to suspect such Ills were meant;
 Here is no Death, but what your Eyes present:
 O may they reign, those Arbiters of Fate,
 Immortal, as the Loves that they create.
 We know the Cause of this preposterous Grief,
 And we shou'd pity, were there no Relief:
 One Lover lost, have you not Millions more?
 Can you complain of Want, whom all adore?
 All Hearts are yours, ev'n mine, that fierce and free
 Ranging at large, disdain'd Captivity,
 Caught by your Charms, the Savage trembling lies,
 And prostrate in his Chain, for Mercy dies.

Ori. Respect is limited to Pow'r alone,
 Beauty distract, like Kings from Empire thrown,
 Each Insolent invades, regardless of a Frown.
 How art thou chang'd, ah wretched Prince! now,
 When ev'ry Slave that loves, dares tell thee so!

Areal. If I do love, the Fault is in your Eyes,
 Blame them that wound, and not the Slave that dies:
 If we may love, then sure we may declare;
 If we may not, ah why are you so fair?
 Who can behold those Lips, that Neck, this Waist,
 That Form divine, and not be mad to taste?

Ori.

Ori. Pluck out these Eyes, revenge thee on my Face,
Tear off my Cheeks, and root up every Grace,
Disfigure, kill me, kill me instantly,
Thus mayst thou free thy self at once and me.

Arcel. Such strange Commands were impious to obey,
I wou'd revenge my self a gentler Way.

[Takes her by the Hand, she snatches it away disdainfully,
he turns furiously upon her.

Some Hope there is that you may change your Mind;
Madam, you have not always been unkind.

Ori. Some Whirlwind bear me from this odious Place,
Earth open wide, and bury my Disgrace;
Save me, ye Pow'rs, from Violence and Shame,
Assist my Virtue and protect my Fame.

Arcel. Love with Submission first begins in Course,
But when that fails, a sure Reserve is Force. [Aside.
The nicest Dames, who our Embraces shun,
Wait only a Pretence, and Force is one:
She who thro' Frailty yields, Dishonour gains,
But she that's forc'd, her Innocence retains:
Debtors and Slaves for Favours they bestow,
Invading, we are free, and nothing owe,
No Ties of Love or Gratitude constrain,
But as we like, we leave, or come again.

It shall be so —

Since softer Arguments have prov'd so vain,
Force is the last — Refit it if you can.

[Strikes her, she struggles and breaks from him.

Ori. Help, help, ye Gods!

Areal. Who with such Courage can resist Delir.
With what a Rage he'll rave when Ruptures fire!
Behold in Chains your vanquish'd Minion lies,
And if for nothing but this Scorn, he dies.

Amadis fast bound in Chains, Grima and Amadis at
sights of each other start, and look amazed. Arcalans
advances to stab him. Arcaben in the instant enters,
seizes Oriana, holding a Dagger at her Breast. Arcalans
withholds his Blow.

Arcab. Strike boldly, Maud'ren, strike him to the Ground,
While thou my Dagger shew'st every Wom'dy
Drink deep the Blood from the most mortal Part,
I'll do thou Reason in Oriana's Heart.
By what new Magick is thy Malignity charmed?
Trembles thy Mind before a Man unarm'd? again say
When by Oriana's Death, deliver'd of Blis,
Then Triumph in the Earth of Amadis.

Ori. Strike, my Deliverer, 'tis mightily Stabbed
I shun thee not, but rather would proclaim the world
Death to the Wretchedness and of Care,
But yet, methinks, no might that Villain Spurts out o'

large enough to prevent thy Pains by Amal.

Amad. Burst, burst these Feters, that like Puff'awl
May to the Snares of the Charming Gym
My Soul, till now, no Danger cou'd affright,
But trembles, like a Coward, at this Sight.

Areol. So passionate! But I'll revenge it here,

Areol. Hold, Fury, or I strike at home; forbear.

[She offering at Oriana, he offers at Amadis, both with bold their Blow.

Had I enjoy'd even a Curse on the Repriev'd! L. 18.

Thou might'st have quell'd, and had the Lover's Love.

[Trumpets sound; and hark! Urganda with a numerous Train of Attendants.

Org. To Arms, to Arms, ye Spirits of the Air,

Ye Guardians of the Brave, and of the Fair,

Leave your bright Mansions, and in Arms appear.

[Thunder. Trumpets, kettle-drums, and other warlike Instruments, Spirits descend in Clouds, some continue in the Air, playing upon Instruments of War. Others remain rang'd as for Battle. Others descend upon the Stage, and draw up in Order of Battle by Amadis, whom Urganda first, presenting him a Sword. Arcabon and Arcelin both arm'd, and enter on the opposite Side of the Stage. Oriana goes over to Urganda.

Areol. Fly quick, ye Demons, from your black Abodes,
And try another Combat with the Gods.
Blue Fires and pestilential Fumes arise,
And flaming Fountains spout against the Skies,
From their broad Roots these Oaks and Cedars tear,
Burn like my Love, and rage like my Despair.

[Trumpets sound on Arcabon's Side, which are answer'd on Urganda's. The Crew appear in an instant all in a Flame, Fountains from below cast up Fire as in Spouts;

a Rain of Fire from above. The Sky darken'd the while. Thunder and Lightning. Demons range themselves on the Stage by Arcalaus; other Demons face Urganda's Spirits in the Air. Arcalaus advances before his Party with his Sword drawn to Amadis.

Arcal. Let Heav'n and Hell stand neuter, while we try On equal Terms, which of us two shall die.

[Arcalaus and Amadis engage at the Head of their Parties:

A Fight at the same Time in the Air, and upon the Stage: Martial Musick the while mixt with Instruments of Horror: Thunder and Lightning. The Demons are overcome; Arcalaus falls.

Amad. Thou might'ſt have learnt more Policy from Hell, Than tempt the Sword by which thy Brother fell.

[D. Arcalaus falling

Urg. Sound Tunes of Triumph all ye Winds, and bear Your Notes aloft, that Heaven and Earth may hear; And thou, O Sun, shine out serene and gay; And bright, as when the Giants lost the Day.

[The Sky clears, and Tunes of Triumph resound from all Parts of the Theatre. Amadis approaches Oriana, bowing respectfully. Arcabon the while stands fallen and observing.

*Amad. While Amadis Oriana's Love posseſt, }
Secure of Empire in that beauteous Breast,
Not Jove, the King of Gods, like Amadis was bleſt.*

*Ori. While to Oriana Amadis was true,
Nor wandring Flames to diſtant Climates drew,
Na Heav'n, but only Love, the pleas'd Oriana knew.*

Amad.

Amad. That Heav'n of Love, alas! is mine no more,
Braving those Pow'rs by whom she falsely swore,
She to *Constantius* wou'd those Charms resign,
If Oaths cou'd bind, that shou'd be only mine.

Ori. With a feign'd Falshood you'd evade your Part
Of Guilt, and tax a tender faithful Heart:
While by such Ways you'd hide a conscious Flame,
The only Virtue you have left, is Shame.

Amad. But shou'd this injur'd Vassal you reject
Prove true, ah what Return might he expect?

[Approaching tenderly.]
Ori. Tho' brave *Constantius* charms, with ev'ry Art,
That can entice a tender Virgin's Heart,
Whether he shines for Glory or Delight,
To tempt Ambition, or enchant the Sight,
Were *Amadis* restor'd to my Esteem,
I wou'd reject a Deity for him.

Amad. Tho' false as watry Bubbles blown by Wind,
Fix'd in my Soul, and rooted in my Mind,
I love *Oriane*, faithless and unkind:
Oh were she kind, and faithful, as she's fair,
For her alone I'd live, and die for her.

Urg. Adjourn these Murmurs of unquiet Love,
And from this Scene of Rage and Fare remove.
Thy Empire, *Arabes*, concludes this Hour,
Short is the Date of all flagitious Pow'r;

Spar'd be thy Life, that thou may'st living here,
 The Torments of the Damn'd in thy Despair,
 Where Zephyrs only breathe, in Myrtle Groves,
 There will I lead you to debate your Loss.

[Urganda takes Oriana's Hand leading her out. As Amadis is following, Arcalan takes him by the Tail.

Arab. What, not one Look? not one discerning Smile?
 To thank me for your Life? Or to beguile
 Despair? Cold and ungrateful as thou art,
 Hence from my Sight for ever, and my Heart.

[Let go her Hold with an Air of Contempt.
 Back, Soldier, to the Camp, thy proper Sphere,
 Stick to thy Trade, dull Hero, follow War,
 Useless to Women; thou mere Image, meant
 To raise Desire, and then to disappoint.

[Amadis goes out.
 So ready to be gone! — Barbering, stay —
 He's gone, and Love returns, and Pride gives way.
 Oh stay, come back — Horror and Hell! I burn!
 I rage! I rave! I die! — Return, return.
 Eternal Racks my tortur'd Bosom tear,
 Vultures with endless Pangs are gnawing there,
 Fury! Distraction! I am all Despair,
 Burning with Love, may'st thou ne'er aim at Bliss,
 But Thunder shake thy Limbs, and Lightning blast thy Kin,
 While pale, aghast, a Spectre I stand by,
 Pleas'd at the Terrors that distract thy Joy;

Plague of my Life! thy want of Pow'r shall be
A Curse to her, worse than thy Sorn to me.

[Exit.]

CHORUS.

*The Battle's done,
Our Way is quite,
The Battle's done,
Let Laurels crown
The Heads that rugged Steel did cover.
Let Myrtles too
Bring Peace for ever,
Let Myrtles too
Adorn the Bier
That bears beneath the warlike Banner.
Let Kisses, Embraces, and these And these And these
Dying Eyes, and kind Glances, And these And these
Let Kisses, Embraces, And these And these
And tender Careless And these And these
Give Warmth to our anxious Throats, And these And these
Let Trumpets and Drums, And these And these
Let Drums and Cymbals, And these And these
Let Drums and Handbells give sound, And these And these
Buy me Flowers at sumt V with out sumt V
And my Love is ever with me, And my Love is ever with me
Our Passion awakes, And my Love is ever with me
To gentle Delights, And my Love is ever with me
And every Morn be a Lesson, And my Love is ever with me*

ACT



ACT V. SCENE I.

SCENE, Urganda's Bower of Bliss: Being a
Representation of Woodstock-Park.

Enter Oriana and Amadis.

Ori. IN my Esteem he well deserves a Part,

I He shares my Praise, but you have all my Heart:
 When equal Virtues in the Scales are try'd,
 And Justice against neither can decide,
 When Judgment thus perplex'd suspends the Choice,
 Fancy must speak, and give the casting Voice:
 Much to his Love, much to his Merit's due,
 But pow'rful Inclination is for you.

Amad. Thou hast no Equal, a superior Ray
 Unrival'd as the Light that rules the Day.
 Should Fame sollicit me with all her Charms,
 Nor blooming Laurels, nor victorious Arms
 Shou'd purchase but a Grain of the Delight,
 A Moment from the Raptures of this Night.

Ori. Wrong not my Virtue, to suppose that
 Can grant to Love, what Duty must deny;
 A Father's Will is wanting, and my Breast
 Is rul'd by Glory, tho' by Love possest:
 Rather than be another's I wou'd die,
 Nor can be yours, 'till Duty can comply.

Amad.

The British Enchanters.

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Amad. Curst Rules! that thus the noblest Loves engage,
To wait the peevish Humours of old Age!
Think not the Lawfulness of Love consists
In Parents Wills, or in the Forms of Priests;
Such are but licenc'd Rapes that Vengeance draw
From Heav'n, however approv'd by human Law.
Marriage the happy't Bond of Love might be,
If Hands were only join'd when Hearts agree.

Ester Urganda and Corisanda, Florestan and Attendants.

Urg. Here faithful Lovers to safe Joys remove,
The soft Retreat of Glory and of Love,
By Fate prepar'd, to crown the happy Hours
Of mighty Kings, and famous Conquerors,
The Bow's of Bliss 'tis call'd, and is the same
Which Mortals shall hereafter *Blenheim* name,
Delicious Seat, ordain'd a sweet Recess
For thee, and for a future *Amadis*.
Here, *Amadis*, let all your Soff'nings end;
Before I brought a Mistress, now a Friend,
The greatest Blessings that the Gods can send.

[Presenting Florestan.

Amad. O, *Florestan*! there wanted but this mote,
This strict Embrace, to make my Joys run o'er:
The Sight of thee does such vast Transports breed,
That scarce the Ecstasies of Love exceed.

Amad.

Ester.

Flo. If beyond Love or Glory is a Title
Of Pleasure, it is sure in Friendship placed.

Ori. My Companions too!
Not *Florestan* cou'd fly with greater haste
To take thee in his Arms: O welcome to my Breast;
As to thy Lover's —

Cor. O Joy compleat!
Blest Day!
Wherein so many Friends and Lovers meet.

Flo. The Storm blown over, so the wanton Doves
Shake from their Plumes the Rain, and seek the Groves,
Pair their glad Mates, and coe eternal Loves!

Amad. O *Florestan*! blest as thou dost deserve,
To thee the Fates are kind, without Reserve.
My Joys are not so full; tho' Love would yield,
Fierce Honour stands his Ground, and keeps the Field:
Nature within seduc'd, in vain befriends,
While Honour, with his Guard of Pride, defends:
O Nature frail, and faulty in thy Frame,
Fomenting Wilts, Honour must condemn;
Or O! too rigid Honour thus to bind,
When Nature prompts, and when Desire is kind.

*Enter Arcabon consulting Constantia, his Garments loose
and Hair dishevel'd, seeming frantic.*

Arcab. This, Roman, is the Place: "Tis Magick Ground,
Hid by Enchantment, by Enchantment found.

Behold

Behold 'em at our View disolv'd in Fear;
Two Armies, are two Lovers in despair.
Proceed, be bold, and scorning to retreat;
Think all her Strugglings sign'd, her Cries Deceit,
Not creeping like a Cur that fawns to please,
Nor whine, nor beg — but like a Lion seize;
Kill him and ravish her: For so wou'd I,
Were I a Man; or rather let both die.
The Rape may please —
Each was disdain'd; to equal Rage resign
Thy Heart, and let it burn and blaze like mine,
'Tis sweet to love, but when with Scorn we meet,
Revenge supplies the Loss, with Joys as great.

[A Chariot swiftly drawn by Dragons, into which
she mounts at the following Line.

Up to th' ethereal Heav'n where Gods abide;
Lo! thus I fly to thunder on thy side.

[Thunder. The Chariot mounts in the air, and vanishes
with her. A joyful shout follows this, and the following.

Cov. Fly where thou will, but not to Hell Abodes;
For know, where'er thou art, there are no Gods.

[Approaches Orlana drowsing respectfully.
I come not here an Object to affright,

Or to molest, but add to your Delight.

Behold a Prince expiring in your View,
Whose Life's a Burthen to himself, and you.

Fate

Fate and the King all other Means deny
 To set you free, but that *Constantius* die.
 A *Roman* Arm had play'd a *Roman's* part,
 But 'tis prevented by my breaking Heart:
 I thank you, Gods, nor think my Doom severe,
 Refusing Life, on any Terms, for her.

Urg. What cruel Destiny on Beauty waits,
 When on one Face depend so many Fates?
 Confin'd by Honour to relieve but One,
 Unhappy Men by thousands are undone.

Con. Make Room, ye *Deii*, whose devoted Breath
 Secur'd your Country's Happiness by Death;
 I come a Sacrifice no less renown'd,
 The Cause as glorious, and as sure the Wound.

[*Kneels at Oriana's Feet, she seems concerned.*

Oh Love! with all thy Sweets let her be blest,
 Thy Reign be gentle in that beauteous Breast.
 Tho' thy malignant Beams, with deadly Force,
 Have scorch'd my Joys, and in their baneful Course
 Wither'd each Plant, and dry'd up ev'ry Source;
 Ah! to Oriana shine less fatal bright,
 Cherish her Heart, and nourish her Delight,
 Restraine each cruel Influence that destroys,
 Bless all her Days, and ripen all her Joys.

[*Amadis addressing to Constantius.*

Amad. Were Fortune us'd to smile upon Desir, Hon'd
 Love had been yours; to die had been my Part!

still

Thus

The British Enchanters. 65

Thus Fate divides the Prize; tho' Beauty's mine,
Yet Fame, our other Mistress, is more thine.

[Constantius rises, looking sternly upon him.]

Disdain not, gallant Prince, a Rival's Praise,
Whom your high Worth has humbled to confess—
In every thing, but Love, he merits less.

Con. Art thou that Rival then? O killing Shame!
And has he view'd me thus, so weak, so tame?
Like a scorn'd Captive prostrate at his Side,
To grace his Triumph, and delight his Pride?
O 'tis too much! and Nature in Disdain
Turns back from Death, and firing ev'ry Vein,
Reddens with Rage, and kindles Life again.
Be firm, my Soul, quick from this Scene remoye,
Or Madness else may be too strong for Love.

[Draws a Dagger, and stands between Amadis and
Oriana, facing Amadis.]

Spent as I am, and weary'd with the Weight
Of burthening Life——I cou'd reverse my Fate;
Thus planted, stand thy everlasting Bar;

[Seizing Amadis, holding the Dagger at his Throat;
Amadis struggles for his Sword.]

But for Oriana's sake 'tis better here.

[Looking back upon Oriana, stabs himself; all run to
support him.]

Ori. Live, gen'rous Prince, such Virtue ne'er shou'd die.

Con.

Can I've liv'd enough, of all with posse,
If dying, I may leave Orlas blit;

Nor can I now recall my Date — — — — —
Th' Invader has too sure a Footing found,
He spreads his Troops, and cov'ring all around,
He marches unoppo's'd: In ev'ry Vein
Fever affluk, and Phrenes burn my Brain,
The last warm Drop forlakes my bleeding Heart:
Oh Love! how sure a Murderer thou art. [Diss:

Ovi. Thus breaks the nobl'st Heart that ever burn'd,
In Flames of Love, for ever to be mourn'd;

Amad. Envil to him, you wrong an equal Flame;
Had he been lov'd, my Heart had done the same.

Flo. Oh Emperor, all Ages shall agree,
Such, but more happy, shou'd all Loves be. [S. M. NO

Uz. No Lover now throughout the World remains
But Amad, deserving of your Chains.
Remove that mournful Object from the Sight.

[Carry off the Body.

Ere you bright Beam is shadow'd o'er with Night,
The stubborn King shall licence your Delight,
The Torch, already bright with angelic Fire,
Shall bring you to the Bridgeman you desire,
And Honour, that so long has kept in doubt,
Be better pleas'd to yield, than to hold out.

[Here an Entertainment of Music and Dancing.

To

The British Enchantment.

To be Sung.

*Make room for the Combat, make room;
Sound the Trumpet and Drum;
A fairer than Venus prepares
To encounter a greater than Mars.
Make room for the Combat, make room;
Sound the Trumpet and Drum :
The Gods of Desire take part in the Fray,
And Love sits like Jove, to decide the great Day.
For the Honour of Britain
This Duel is fought!
Give the word to begin,
Let the Combatants in;
The Challenger enters all glorious;
But Love has decreed,
The Beauty may bleed,
Yet Beauty shall still be winning.*

CHORUS.

*Make room for the Combat, make room :
Sound the Trumpet and Drum;
A fairer than Venus prepares
To encounter a greater than Mars.*

SONG.

*Help! help! the unpractic'd Carpenter cries;
He faints, he falls, help, help! Ah me! he dies;*

Gently

*Gently she tries to raise his Head,
And weeps, alas! to find him dead.*

*Sound, sound a Charge, 'tis War again;
Again he fights, again is slain;
Again, again, help, help! she cries, as a mourner at
He faints, he falls, help, help! ah me! he dies.*

Another.

*Happy Pair,
Free from Care,
Enjoy the Blessing
Of sweet Possessing,
Free from Care,
Happy Pair,
Love inviting,
Souls uniting,
Desiring,
Expiring.*

*Enjoy the Blessing
Of sweet Possessing.*

*Free from Care,
Happy Pair.*

Chorus Singing and Dancing.

*Be true, all ye Lovers, whate'er you endure;
Tho' cruel the Pain is, how sweet is the Cure!
So drowsy is the Blessing,
In the Hour of Possessing.*

That

The British Enchanters.

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That one Moment's obtaining
Pays an Age of Complaining.
Be true, all ye Lovers, what's'er you endure;
The' cruel the Pain is, how sweet is the Cure!

[Here enter two Parties from the opposite Sides of the Theatre; with Lances in their Hands, marching to a Warlike Measure of Trumpets, &c. Then run a Tilt, and having broken or quitted their Lances, form divers Combats with Sword and Buckler. The Conquerors dance a Measure, expressing their Joy for Victory.

C H O R U S to the Dance.
Amadis is the Hero's Glory,
Of endless Fame a lasting Story:
Amadis is the Hero's Glory,
Oriana is the Queen of Pleasure,
A Light of Love, to shine for ever:
Oriana is the Queen of Pleasure.

[The Entertainment concludes with Variety of Songs and Dances, after which the Company rise and come forward.

Amad. So Phœbus mounts triumphant in the Skies,
The Clouds disperse, and gloomy Horror flies;
Darkness gives place to the victorious Light,
And all around is gay, and all around is bright.

Ori.

That

Or. Our present Joys are twofold, for past Pain;
To Heav'n, and Love, by Suffering we attain.

Urg. Prophetick Fury roars within my Breast,
And as at *Delphes*, when the sounding Priest
Full of his God, proclaims the distant Doom
Of Kings unborn, and Nations yet to come:
My labouring Mind so struggles to unfold,
On British Ground, a future Age of Gold:
But left mortals know you but in beheld,

[Here a SCENE represents the Queen and all the
Triumphs of her Majesty's Reign.

High on a Throne appears the Martial Queen,
With Grace sublime, and with Imperial Mien,
Surveying round her with Imperial Eye,
Whom to protect, or whom to fell,
In ev'ry Line of that auspicious Fate
Soft Mercy smiles, adorn'd with ev'ry Grace,
So Angels look, and so, when Heav'n decrees,
They scourge the World to Piety and Peace.

Empress, and Conqueror, hail! Thine, Fates ordain
O'er all the willing World, sole Arbitress to reign:
To no One People are thy Laws confin'd,
Great Britain's Queen, but Guardian of Mankind.
Sure Hope of all who live Oppression free,
For all th' Oppression now thyself O'er,
Nations of Giants proud, Thou'rt fit, to free,
Denouncing War, protecting Liberty,

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The Victor to the Vanquish'd yields a Prize,
For in thy Triumph, their Redemption lies;
Freedom and Peace, for ravish'd Fame, you give;
Invoke to bless, and conquer to relieve,
So the Sun scorches, and revives by Turns,
Requiting with rich Metals, where he burns.

Taught by this great Example to be just,
Succeeding Kings shall well fulfil their Trust;
Discord and War and Tyranny shall cease,
And jarring Nations be compell'd to Peace;
Princes and States, like Subjects, shall agree
To trust Her Power, safe in Her Piety.

If curious to inspect the Book of Fate,
You'd farther learn the destin'd Time and Date
Of Britain's Glory, know, this Royal Dame
From Stuart's Race shall rise, *ANN* shall be her Name;

FINIS.

